PS
.Z1H2

MOSE AND JOSH,

A

Comedy in Five Acts,

BY

S. P. HAMILTON,

OF

Chester, South Carolina.

MOSE AND JOSH,

A

Comedy in Five Acts,

BY

S. P. HAMILTON,

OF

Chester, South Carolina.

24692Y

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1893, by S. P. Hamilton, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.

PS
H2

Preface and Dedication.

This little dramatic venture has its history. In April 1890, the author saw in the New York Sunday World the offer of a prize for the best play by a native author—the successful playwright to have his effort put upon the stage of the Union Square Theatre, New York, in the best style. The time fixed for all competitors to have their works in to be judged by a committee was the 15th May. My time was very short; I wrote the play in eight days. It had only 324 competitors, and the award was to a young lady with a play entitled Will o' the Wisp.

When my modest little piece (the amusement of an idle hour) was returned, I put it silently away and no one knew I had made such an attempt. Afterwards I read it to friends whose taste in such matters is good. They seemed to think there is merit in it, and what is more necessary in these days, humor of such a kind as produces amusement and merriment.

It has been greatly added to, changed, and, in my opinion, improved.

Such as it is, I dedicate it to a lady I do not know and never saw in my life. In the high place which she once filled for four years, and to which she has been lately returned, she secured my unbounded admiration of her character and conduct in so difficult a sphere as the head

TMP96-007042

of society at Washington. I am sure, from the high traits she has displayed, she must be a woman of taste and sentiment. After this it is hardly necessary to name her as Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland, the wife of our President.

THE AUTHOR.

Chester, S. C., June 19, 1893.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MOSE..... ..... Colored Farm Hand.
JOSH..... .....His Son.
AUNT DINAH..... ....His Wife.
BUDDY.....Grand Son.
RICHARD CASTLETON.....Uncle.
THOMAS CASTLETON.....Nephew.
LORD TINKLEBERRY.....Young Scotch Lord.
COUNT PETTIT POIS.....French Count.
PIERRE DE SMUGER.....Once Peter Smug.
VANDAM KILL VON KULL.....Knickerbocker.
DICK..... .....Colored Boy.
SERVANT.....of the De Smugers.
MRS. KILL VON KULL.
MRS. PIERRE DE SMUGER.
MISS LETITIA DE SMUGER.
MISS SPUYTEN DUYVEL.
SNIPPO..... .....French Tailor.
AUNT LIDDY.....Colored Cook

Mose and Josh.

ACT 1st. SCENE 1st.

A cottonfield—The last ploughing—Cotton in full bloom—Mose and Josh each ploughing his mule—Tom Castleton his blooded filly—They cross the stage, each ploughing in his separate cotton row—They halt, unhitch for dinner—The mules and horse go off at the side—Tom Castleton leaning on the plough handles exhausted.

Castleton:—Uncle Mose, unhitch my gears for me; its awful hot and still. I nearly fell down in a faint as I ploughed that last furrow.

Mose:—Yuse jist got no business hyar, Mars Tom, a tryin to wuk longside we niggers; yuse no use in dis cotton patch anyhow, but yuse spunky and wont giv up. Leave dis wuk to me an Josh, for it's nuthin to us.

Castleton:—I have taken this job, Uncle Mose, on myself, and I'll never falter if I drop dead at the plough; it is my pride not to be idle.

Mose:—Quit, Mars Tom, quit. It grieves my ole ooman's heart to see you swettin in dis yere fiel. She raise you, you know, en giv you suck longside our Josh.

Josh:—I members dat well, Mars Thomas.

Mose:—You rickleck, Marster Tom, yu'se arstocr'cy folks from away back. Your fader raise me. He usen hab five tousan acres ob lan and tree hunderd niggers to boot. He hab 'e carriage, 'e blood horses, 'e pack er houn's, 'e silver an 'e gole, en his servants in livry; yes, an your mudder, ah! she was a lady sure, an gran; en

if dey was right hyar, boff of dem, today, dey would cry dey berry eyes out to see dere lone pet chile a common fiel han'.

Castleton:—That's all past and I put it behind me, Uncle Mose; the five thousand acres are gone for debt and I've been able to save a bare three hundred; sweet freedom's breath has blown upon those slaves once ours; and happy we that God has willed it so. They are all gone to seek their fortunes where they list, save you and yours, faithful Mose. You worked for me while at school and college I got my education, and I owe you all a debt I cannot easily repay.

Mose:—This kine er wuk not fitten for you nohow, no more en for your little blooded creetur dere; she mines it more nor you. She's gotten de blue blood in her too: Sir Archy, Bertran, Clara Fisher, Black 'Ria, Sov'rin and all of them, not forgittin dis here great horse, dey call him Luxington.

Castleton:—(Throwing himself down under the shade of a tree.) Where's Buddy with dinner? You Buddy!!! (he calls.)

[Enter Buddy with a tin bucket in either hand.]

Buddy:—Yahs me, Granny sen' dinner. (Hands a bucket to Castleton and one to Mose.)

Castleton:—What's for dinner? (Uncovers bucket.)

Bud:—Fat meat, pone bread.

Castleton:—Rough.

Bud:—Good nuff; gooder fur me den turkey hash.

Castleton:—Run to the spring and bring the big gourd with water. (They all eat.) Bud makes a little shuffle with his feet and darts off for the spring. Returns with a large gourd on his head, full of water. Tom takes a long draught.) Castleton:—Better than Champagne, Bud.

Bud:—No gooder than simmon bare, eh!

Castleton:—And now for a mid-day nap.

Bud:—An den we all lay by de crap.

Castleton:—First we'll sing. (They all sing:)

Rest, honest toilers, for a little while,
As gentle slumber falls upon thine eyes;
And dreamy fancies its short hour beguiles,
With hopes of love beyond the skies.
Oh! Lord look down on these, both high and low,
And take them in thy special care,
If to thy will divine they alway bow.
Give ear and heed their every earnest prayer.

(They all cast themselves down in the shade and sleep. Exit Bud, balancing the gourd on his head—first he dances the double-shuffle.)

[Enter Aunt Dinah, with a small piece of pine brush in her hand and singing.]

Dinah:—Thars my poore chile what I raise. What 'ud my poor missus in her grave say if she'd rise up now from yon berryin' groun'? But she's mighty happy, poor sole, wid de Lord, case she can nebber see her poor dear boy. (Advances and leans over the sleeper.) Look at dem little feet wid dem hard ole shoes on, en dem little han' all freckle en tan, en his putty face I usen to press to my bress. My poor chile! My poor chile! (She sits at his head brushing away the flies; sings again and finally falls asleep herself.)

SCENE 2nd.

A cotton field after frost, white with cotton—Castleton, Mose, Josh, Aunt Dinah and Buddy, with their pokes slung around their necks picking cotton.

Mose sings:—

Pick! Pick! Pickaway; res by night, pick all de day;

De gin house open wide to stay;
De gin e runnin, de day e sunny;
We'll gin en pack den git de money.

Chorus:—

Buddy Sings:—

Sum runs all nite en hunt de possum,
De torch 'e blaze en de nigger holler,
De dog 'e tree, sometime dey kotch um,
Chance times dey's got de coon to follow.

Chorus:—Pick, etc., etc.

Aunt Dinah sings:

You better mine what all use doin',
And pick two hundred evry day,
I'll spin de yern en do de sewin',
If you'll all pick, pick, pickaway.

Chorus:—(Repeats the whole of last verse.)

Castleton:—Well folks, this is my last cotton picking for many a day. Christmas is coming and New Year not far off.

Aunt Dinah:—Jist lis'en to dis yere boy! Whar's you gwine, en what yuse gwine to do Mars Tommy? What's we'uns gwine to do bidout you?

Castleton:—Well, New Year's day I will be in the city of New York, and in that big place I expect to seek my fortune; this is too slow for me.

Mose:—We'll be mighty sorry w'en yuse gone Mars Tom; yuse bin gettin on mighty well and making plenty money.

Castleton:—Little a plenty, Mose.

Mose:---Rickleck, Mars Tom, de story 'bout de cooter and de rabbit. Which ob dem two git dere fust?

Castleton:---You remember my father's brother Richard, don't you, Uncle Mose and Aunt Dinah?

Aunt Dinah:—Mighty well; it's a powerful long time ago. De las time I seed him 'e dress like ole fash'n man; 'e breeches sky blue en 'e boot shine like de looking glass.

Castleton:—Well, he lives in New York, and has done so nearly all his life; he is a big power there and can do me a heap of good, if he will.

Aunt Dinah:—What you a gwine to do wid dis plantashun and all de tings yuse got?

Castleton:—Leave them all as they are now, all for you folks. There's corn in the cribs, meat in the smokehouse, wheat and oats in the barn, and fodder in the loft. Take good care of the stock and everything, plant your crop, and when you house it all, divide and send me half.

Aunt Dinah:—If you be gone twenty year, when you come back if dere be one ob dis yere fam'ly livin' you'll fine ebryting jist so as yo lef um.

Castleton:—Rest assured, good people, if I die unmarried you'll find my will at the Court House; the property will all be yours. But if I live and do not meet success, I've not burned the bridge behind me, and I can come back to Mose and Josh.

[Curtain falls.]

ACT 2nd. SCENE 1st.

New York City—Mr. Richard Castleton's parlor, in his appartments on Fifth Avenue.

Enter Richard Castleton:—(in dressing gown and slippers.)

Heaven and earth, what a world of trouble this is! Although my whole study has been to lead a life of ease, the interruption to this is when I meddle with other people's affairs. I have devoted myself, all my life, to the study of society in New York, have by a certain tact, good breeding and will, carried everything before me, have the

entree everywhere, have become the friend and adviser of the best people and their guide in matters of taste and fashion, but this eminence has become a nuisance, for I am badgered to death to carry innumerable people into society on my broad shoulders. I have one case on hand now, which if I carry through without disaster, I will be surprised. It is the family of Pierre de Smuger, husband, wife and daughter—born Peter Smug. Ha, Ha! [Laughs immoderately] Smuger! Smug! Too good! Peter Smug is a plain business fellow and he has been dragged into this imposition against his will. Smug and I were boys together at home; from his earliest days he developed a talent for making money.

He is worth three million, and I an annuity of barely $2500 a year. He made his in New Orleans in cotton; mine was left me by a relation. His wife was better born than he and boasted a Huguenot name, the potent cause of the Frenchifying of Smug. Whew! What an ambition that woman has to shine in New York society. The family has been in Europe for the last two years. From Paris she constituted me her commissioner. What do you think that woman wrote me? She ordered a handsome mansion to be purchased on Fifth Avenue, as near as possible to the houses of the Kill von Kulls and the Spuyten Duyvels, and I have actually bought one from Spuyten Duyvel himself, at a big figure, for them. They are all pleased, except poor Smug. He winced terribly when the purchase money was to be paid. Well, they are all safe under the Duyvels roof now, and are happy, I hope. I am looking for Smug every minute.

[Smug announced—Enters:—]Well Dick, here I am, in no happy frame of mind.

Rich. Cast:—Why, what's the matter now? Are you not in your new house, splendidly furnished and in the most aristocratic quarter, next door to the Spuyten Duy-

vels and opposite the Kill von Kulls? What more can fashionable people want?

Smug:—I wish they were all at the devil, for my part, where their infernal Dutch name intended them to be. One hundred thousand for a house! Twenty-five thousand for furniture! I would rather a great deal be in an honest log house at home, with a pine table and a few oak chairs.

Rich. Cast.:—That is no money at all, Peter, for a house and furniture on Fifth Avenue—Kill von Kull's cost a half million.

Smug:—And then this dishonest change of name! That thing is a perpetual nightmare to me and sooner or later will bring disgrace upon us.

Rich. Cast.:—Whose wonderful invention was that? Certainly it shows a brilliant genius.

Smug:—My wife's, of course, assisted by a beggarly little French Count, the Count de Petit Pois they call him, who pretended to find the Smugers in some book of Heraldry as a great Huguenot family; my wife told him that Smuger was our original name, only abbreviated, as is the habit of American trades-people.

Rich:—What has become of him?

Smug:—He is in this city, and domesticated in our new house. My wife found him in Paris, living in a garret, with literally not a shirt to his back. How my wife made his acquaintance I cannot imagine. It happened, nevertheless. Dick, do you suppose the family of Petit Pois is a noble one?

Rich. Cast:—Heaven knows.

Smug:---Well, I must not forget my wife's letter; here it is, and I will be gone. You know I have ventured into business—stocks---Fox, Box & Smuger. Bah! "Jay" onto the end of the infernal name chokes me in my throat every time I have to use it.

Rich Cast:—Well, no doubt Fox, Box & Smug would have sounded much more business-like for the firm. You must keep a sharp lookout, old fellow; one eye intently on Fox and the other more fixedly on Box. They have it within their brilliant capacity to swamp their own partner, sell him out and retire themselves with full pockets.

[Exit Smug.]

R. Cast.:—Well, I must read this letter of the elegant Mrs. Pierre de Smuger. [Reads.]

"*My Dear Mr. Castleton:*

"We have been ten days in our new house and it is high time we should be seeing about our equipage. I commission you to buy the finest pair of horses in New York (greys preferred), a pony and carriage for my daughter Letitia, and a couple of thoroughbred riding horses." [Castleton interrupting:—Poor Peter Smug!!!]

"I rely entirely on your taste, which is conceded by all to be the best in these matters of any one in America.

"The carriage I leave to you, only saying that it must be like, but far finer, than that of my neighbors, the K. v. K's and S. D's. Be sure to have our Coat of Arms, which the Count de Petit Pois will furnish you, painted on the panels.

"Yours, with much esteem,

"Marie Ginnilat de Smuget."

Rich. Cast.:—I overlooked the postscript. "Is it not time the K. v. K's, and the S. D's. were calling on us?" Ah! what a woman Peter Smug has got for a partner. Marie Ginnilat de Smuger! Ha! ha! The middle name is her maiden name—Huguenot. Egad! I remember old Ginnilat, her father, very well.

[Letter handed in by servant.]

Rich. Cast. (in evident agitation):—Heavens! what luck! Here's a letter of introduction from my friend the Duke of Sutherland for young Lord Tinkleberry and he

is at the Albemarle, near by. Let me hurry on my clothes, not a moment to be lost. [Exit—he returns on his way out.] These wretches here will snap him up in short order, without any introduction, if they get wind of of his arrival. [Exit.]

SCENE 2nd.

Enter Mr. Castleton and Lord Tinklcberry, arm in arm.

R. Cast.:—Welcome! my Lord, to these humble quarters, suitable only to secure the ease and comfort of an old bachelor.

Tinkle.:—Vastly snug, Mr. Castleton. What an escape I have made from that blarsted inn! Why, what do you think that beggar of an innkeeper did to me?

Richard:—Can't imagine (I must put English nobility at ease by talking their dialect.)

Tinkle.:—Introduced me to every beggar of an employee in the house, from the bar-keeper to the boot-black—and that before I had gotten off my boots, much less my sea-legs.

Richard:—Horrible! Gothic! Democratic ideas, my Lord, which slide naturally from political to social equality. Take a seat, my Lord—or would you rather go to your room?

Tinkle.:—Thank you, Mr. Castleton, I will sit here and smoke while I read the Herald.

[Rap at the door.]

Rich. Cast.:—Come.

[Tom Castleton enters.]

Rich. Cast.:—Whom have I the honor to address!

Tom Cast.:—Why, Uncle Richard, I am your nephew Tom, lately arrived.

Rich. Cast.:—Indeed, Tom, is this you? (Shaking him by the hand warmly.) I am so very glad to see you,

for you are the last of our name. It was only this morning that I was reading your letter, Tom. In it you say you own three hundred acres of land, run three plows, make usually thirty bales of cotton, plenty of corn and other small grain, cattle, hogs, poultry, etc. You say the kind of life you are leading is too slow and stagnant for you—that you are capable of better things, and want to try your chances in New York.

T. Cast.:—Yes Uncle, that is what I wrote.

Rich. Cast.:—What number of persons in this great city are so well off as you, my worthy nephew?

Tinkle. (aside):—What number in London?

T. Cast.:—I have no idea, Sir.

R. Cast.:—Not nearly one-third of them. How many who come to take the chances in an untried experiment of business in New York without means, and without friends, ever achieve a distinct success? Can you guess?

T. Cast.:—I cannot answer that any more than the first inquiry, Uncle.

R. Cast.:—Go and buy a single ticket in the Louisiana Lottery and see how near you will come to drawing any of the capital prizes, then you will be answered. And what do you propose to do in this whirlpool of business into which you are desirous I should introduce you?

T. Cast.:—Get me a place in a store, Uncle Richard. You and your great friends, through you, patronize so many of them that the owners will jump at your request to give me a place.

R. Cast.:—Boy, do you think I would permit a nephew of mine, the last of our house, the descendant of soldiers and statesmen, to walk in the dirty avenues of trade in a vile shop; no Sir! better to live on a crust of bread in a garret.

T. Cast.:—But you forget, Uncle, I have just come

from a business where I plowed and worked in the field alongside of our own negroes.

R. Cast.:—That is no dishonor; if we see a fellow blacking boots or doing some other menial job, instinctively we have a contempt for him, but when we look at one with his head erect, in the free air of heaven, walking between the handles of a plough, engaged in God's first-given work to man, he represents in his person the true dignity of labor.

T. Cast.:—Well, Uncle, perhaps you might get me into a stock-broker's office, or something of the kind.

R. Cast.:—Worse and worse! I despise them and their business, with their infernal slang of "puts" and "calls" and straddles; it is all a game of rascality from beginning to end. I don't know any such people. In fact I have no business below Madison Square, and never go down town except twice a year, to draw my annuity: sometimes on Sundays, after attending Grace Church, I go below the line to visit certain old families (not fashionable people) with whom it serves a good purpose to keep always *en rapport*

Tinkle.:—Good advice, Mr. Castleton.

R. Cast.:—My Lord, excuse my neglect in not sooner introducing you to my nephew, Mr. Thomas Castleton, fresh from the South.

Tinkle. (Rising and shaking hands warmly):—delighted to know you, Sir! No doubt being about the same age we must be great friends. Mr. Richard, if you will let a servant show me to my room I will retire and let your nephew talk over family matters with you.

R. Cast.:—Let me have that honor myself, my Lord. [Escorts him out and returns.]

T. Cast. (Aside):—I wish Uncle would not be quite so obsequious; he has been ruined here, no doubt, by the craze for titled people.

T. Cast. (continuing):—Well, Uncle, what am I to do, if I am too good for everything in the way of business?

R. Cast.:—I have entirely different views for your future—and first I must introduce you into society as my adopted son and heir. These people think I have saved quite a snug sum of money, but I never give them any idea of my business, although they let me into all their secrets. I have a little nest egg well invested, I confess; if I die intestate, you are my only heir, and will get it all, but I shall make a will, for I must take care of Aunt Liddy, my cook, in her old age.

T. Cast.:—Aunt Liddy! why surely she is not here, she is the sister of my Aunt Dinah; where is her kitchen Uncle, down stairs or on this floor? I must certainly see her.

R. Cast.:—Yes, Aunt Liddy has been with me ever since I have lived in New York. She is the only slave I ever owned, and was given to me by your dear mother, on account of her wonderful genius in the culinary art. Her kitchen is in the garret, for, as is well known, the odor of cooking ascends, and the slightest whiff of that kind is not permitted among people of taste; so kitchens are banished now to the regions above. I owe many of my social triumphs to Aunt Liddy, particularly in the way of breakfasts. Freedom seems to have made not the slightest change in her; she has but two devotions, first to my service and then to a colored Baptist church, to which nearly every night she resorts. An elevator will carry you to her kitchen when you want to see her. Have you an evening dress-suit?

T. Cast.:—I unfortunately have not.

R. Cast.:—This day I will take you to my little tailor. He is a Frenchman and really a character. He is a most exquisite worker, however, and for that reason every one takes it for granted I have my clothes made in

Paris. He is a thriftless creature and lives from hand to mouth. Whenever I want a suit of clothes made, I buy the cloth at some store where they sell me at cost, on account of my supposed power to recommend their goods to the rich and fashionable. I then have the Frenchman introduced into this house at six o'clock in the morning, with his tailor's board, goose, scissors, thread and needles. He is confined in a single room next to the kitchen, with Aunt Liddy to watch him. She gives him an elegant breakfast and dinner, accompanied by a bottle of good claret at each meal, and plenty of cigars to smoke, and he is not released until the suit is finished. I want you to come here to dine on next Sunday. It will be only a family dinner. I may have Count Petit Pois also—five o'clock sharp, because Liddy has to go to her Baptist church at half past seven Sunday evenings, and if she is prevented there is a row in the family.

[Exit Tom Castleton.]

Rich. Cast. (soliloquizing):—Well, things are looking lovely. Tinkleberry safe and captured, and the little French Count in the leash of Marie de Ginnilat. This reminds me of that distinguished lady's postscript. I must go at once to see the K. von K's. and S. D's., as Marie designates them. Mrs. K. v. K. gives a grand entertainment next week, I must induce her to call upon the De Smu—ha! ha!—gers and invite them to her select ball—if she does the S. D's. will follow suit—I will work the English Lord and French Count on her for all they are worth, for therein lies the weakness of these American aristocrats; most of them will bow down to a title—and when abroad they sigh even for the recognition of royalty.

SCENE 3rd.

Mr. Richard Castleton's dining room—The dinner just ended—Table spread with fruit and decanters—Lord Tinkleberry, Count Petit Pois, Tom Castleton and the host drinking old Madeira.

Tink.:—Devilish good Madeira, Mr. Castleton.

R. Cast.:—Yes, 'tis exquisite, not so very old either, not thirty years old yet—brought over from the island in 1855; let me see, this is 1880, it is therefore twenty-five years old, is called grape juice, and at twenty years old is the best Madeira wine I ever put to my lips, a great deal better than wine which boasts of being fifty, sixty, seventy or eighty years old.

Petit Pois:—C'est un grand vin de Madere—cis very goot.

Tink.:—What did you say was the name of that soup that was so delicious.

R. Cast.:—Cooter.

Tink.:—Extr'ornary, rediclus, but nice, and what is a cooter and where does he live?

R. Cast.:—He belongs to the terrapin family, but is larger than his salt water brother. He lives in fresh water at the South.

Tink.:—Redi'clus.

R. Cast.:—At my dinners I have only five courses; I despise the soupe maigres they have now at fashionable dinners, those kickshaws with which they spin out a dinner to ten or twelve courses breed only dispepsia and dullness. I believe this has served to destroy all the pleasure of New York dinners. They are as dull as funerals, no general conversations; no wit, no humor, each man talking only to his neighbor at table in a low voice. I feel sometimes like making a new departure at the first grand dinner I go to, by proposing a toast or two and even by proposing to sing a song, as in the olden times.

Tinkle.:—That would be jolly, Mr. Richard. As it is true here so it is in England; a grand dinner of a great person in London is a most solemn and lugubrious affair.

R. Cast.:—I remember when I was a youngster at home, I belonged to a hunting club; we hunted deer always with a fine pack of hounds during the day, and at sun-set repaired to the club-house to have a real huntsman's dinner, wild turkey soup, a haunch of venison and some wild ducks or snipe, with the necessary accompaniments; the wine was old Madeira. As soon as the cloth was removed there was a constant flow of wit and humor, with story, toast and many songs. I remember well a song that an old member used to sing which was an established favorite.

Tinkle.:—Can't you give it to us; it will be something new in these days of dullness, sing it for us.

R. Cast. (sings):—

The Pope he leads a happy life,
He has no cares or marriage strife;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
I wish that his gay lot was mine.
Chorus—Mine!

(The next takes it up.)

The Sultan better pleases me;
He leads a life of jollity,
Has wives as many as he will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.
Chorus—Fill!

But yet he's not a happy man;
He must obey the Al Koran;
He dares not touch one drop of wine--
I would not that his lot were mine.
Chorus---Mine!

But here I take my steady stand
On this my own, my native land;
When 'ere my maiden kisses me
I fancy I the Sultan be;
And when my cherry glass I tope
I fancy that I am the Pope.

Chorus:---Pope!

Tinkle.:---Bravo! Bravo!! It is so jolly. If you will only do that at the grand dinner next week of the Spuyten Duyvels, to which we are invited, I will give you the best thorough-bred colt I have at home. It will create such an uprising and shaking up of the social dry bones.

R. Cast.:---Well, we will see; it will take a bold man to face society with such an innovation as that.

Tinkle.:—Let us talk about breakfasts. I would not give one of Aunt Liddy's for all the dinners of the great folks here; her cornbread, rice johnny-cake and rice-waffles are a new sensation in life, the former in particular; as light as a sponge-cake and as wholesome as graham bread. I would like really to have an introduction to this great artist.

R. Cast.:—Nothing easier.

Tinkle.:—But my dear sir, she may be embarrassed to be brought into such company.

R. Cast.:—Do not disturb yourself about that; no one has ever found the man or woman who can daunt her, she is the captain general of this establishment. (He rings for the elevater to descend, it is heard descending, the door opens and out steps Aunt Liddy, a perfectly huge woman weighing about three hundred pounds.)

Aunt Liddy.:—Here I is, who want me?

Tinkle.:—The devil! Rediclus! What a stunner! A relation of Mr. Daniel Lambert, of my own country, if he has any African kindred.

Petit Pois:—Que'l monstre terrible!

R. Cast.:—Well, Aunt Liddy, Lord Tinkleberry is so carried away with your breakfasts that he wants to be introduced to you.

Tinkle.:—Allow me the honor to shake the hand of so great an artist.

R. Cast.:—And here is Count Petit Pois, and my nephew Tom, just from home.

Aunt Liddy:—Is dis my sister Dinah's chile and I not know he in dis house? How's Dinah and all at home?

Tom Cast.:—Well and hearty.

Aunt Liddy:—I 'm mighty glad; I aint hearn from any of 'em in twenty year or more, but Lord, I must hurry back and get ready for church. [Exit.]

Petit Pois (rising):—You mos sexcuse me, Sare. (To R. Cast.) Madame de Smuger she look for me jus que a zis hour, I ver mooch oblige for your dinner an ze song of drink; ziz iss so funny. [Exit.]

R. Cast.:—Lord Tinkleberry, please excuse my nephew and myself for a half an hour, while we go around the corner to see an old relative, mean time smoke one of these fine cabargas.

SCENE 4th.

Enter Dick:—Whar you reckon de ole Boss gone to in sich a big hurry now? Dey mus be some er dem big arstoxy folks comin agin. He nebber go wid sich a rush cept some er dem's bout. Wen dat ere last ole Dook was hyar, Marster try to break he neck for he—but Dook no good; I shine fer he all de time he bin dar an he gone back to Hoorup en nebber gib poor Dick so much as chaw terbaker. (Turning to the table.) Lem me clean up dem hill tops—de ole boss call em dat. [He goes to the table and drains all the glasses.]

[Tinkleberry, seated in a high back arm chair, sees the proceedings reflected in a large mirror.]

Tinkle.:—Is this an optical delusion I see reflected in this mirror? It seems to me I observe a small darkey knocking off the heel taps of that old Madeira.

[He goes on tiptoe and seizes Dick by the ear as the bibber is pouring out a glass from the decanter.]

Tinkle.:—You audacious young Ethiopian, what are you doing with that decanter?

Dick:—Yow! Yow! Yow! Oh! Mass Dook, hab pitty on poor little nigger, for de sake he poor ole mudder in de Souf.

Tinkle.:—What would your old Master do with you if I should happen to tell him on you?

Dick:—Lick me sure, en den gib me dollar to shut up; en I allers hollers till de dollar cum.

Tinkle.:—You're a good un! Where did you come from, anyhow?

Dick:—Hardscrabble.

Tinkle.:—By Jove, what a country! Hardscrabble! Where is that?

Dick:—Georgy, in de Souf.

Tikle.:—What will you do for me if I don't tell?

Dick:—I gib you good shine ten times ebery day, and dance for you.

Tinkle.:—Can you dance?

Dick:—Git your banjo and see.

[Tinkleberry fetches his banjo and Dick dances.]

Dick:—You want see de burzard lope?

Tinkle.:—Delighted to be introduced to such an elegant step.

[Dick dances and exit.]

Tinkle.:—I have an idea; I will get into the elevator, will hail to Aunt Liddy and tell her to be sure to cook me a whole cornbread for myself every morning. [Gets in

and calls up.] "Aunt Liddy." [The elevator ascends.] The devil! Ridiclus!! [He disappears above.]

SCENE 5th.

Aunt Liddy's Kitchen in the top story—Liddy holding the little French Tailor by the collar, shaking him.

Enter Tinkleberry:---Why, Aunt Liddy, what are you shaking the very daylight out of that little man for? Who is he?

Liddy:---'Tis dat little French tailor who's up hyar making Marster Tommy's dress suit for him. I cotched him wukin on it this our blessed Lord's day; he's name Mounseer Snippo.

Tinkle.:---What a monster of iniquity! [Turning to Snip.] How dare you, Frenchman, to insult the religious sensibilities of this fair damsel? I do not believe you have any religion at all. Tell me the truth now, Monsieur Snippo, have you ever been to church since you landed in America?

Snippo:---Milor Anglais, if I say I nevair been to ze cherche in America, ze peoples say I'ze von bad man; if I say ze odder way, zat I haf, zen I tell von grand lie.

Aunt Liddy:---En he make love to me when ise reading of my testament, and say he want to marry me.

Tinkle.:---Presumptous creature! One of your arms, Aunt Liddy, is larger than his whole body. [Turns and sees a melodeon in a corner] Aunt Liddy, what is this here?

Liddy:---'Tis my magnolia.

Tinkle.:---Ha! Ha!! That is a funny name for a melodeon. What do you do with it, Aunt Liddy?

Liddy:---Well, I sings the sperituble hymes out of my book with it.

Tinkle.:---I would like vastly to hear one of those sperituble hymes.

Liddy:—Well, you must hear one. [She goes to melodeon, opens her music book and makes the most unearthly discord come forth.]

Tinkle.:—Aunt Liddy, that will never do; let me finger the ivories for you. Snippo, can you sing?

Snip.:—Trespeu—ver leetle, Monsieur.

Tinkle.:—Well, come on; one good old Baptist hyme will put new celestial life into your atheistical little constitution. [They sing.]

[The elevator descends again, Aunt Liddy, dressed for church, steps out, showing Tinkleberry plastered against the back. He gets out.]

Tinkle.:—Aunt Liddy, by Jove! you came near squeezing me to death in that blarsted box.

Liddy:—Well, you no bisness boder me, Mr. Huckleberry; I's goin to church.

Tinkle.:—Why do you call me Huckleberry, Aunt Liddy, don't you know that I am Lord Tinkleberry in the peerage of England, and Viscount Heathergrouse in that of Scotland?

Liddy:—I knows nothin about dat t'all, but dis I do know, I calls no man lord but my Lord and Master in Heaven.

Tinkle.:—Rediclus! Astonishing! Never heard of such outrageous, radical talk. But Aunt Liddy, here's a sovereign for you [handing her the gold] to remind you that you take care of my inner man.

Liddy:—Yes, I'll take care of you and your money and gib to my church to night.

Tinkle.:—'Tis too much, Aunt Liddy; give five shillings.

Liddy:—Ebery cent.

Tinkle.:—Ten shilling's enough.

Liddy:—Ebry shilling, the gold itself, must go, to bring de headen to His eternal grace.

Tinkle (rushes back to the elevator and calls):—"Come down, Snippo, at once." [Elevator descends—enter Snip.]

Tinkle.:—You must accompany this lady to church, if you aspire to her hand. Offer her your arm. [Aunt Liddy takes his arm and gives him her parasol, which he raises overhead and they go off the stage together.]

Tinkle.:—Ha-ha-ha! What a lark--jolly! What a tale I will make out of this when I get home! [Exit.]

SCENE 6th.

Tinkle.:—Well, Tom, where have you been the last two days? I've missed you awfully.

Tom:--I've been in the country, my Lord.

Tink.:—Lord me no lords; to you in future I am plain Jack Hawthorn, my family name, and you are Tom Castleton.

Tom:—Have it as you wish, but in public and in my Uncle's presence you must allow me to use the dignity of name you are entitled to. To call you Jack in common would be considered a vulgar parade of my intimacy with you, and my Uncle would declare it an indecent familiarty.

Tinkle. (Leaning his arm on Tom's shoulder):—Tom, you are a regular brick; you are just like one of us; where do you live when you are at home?

Tom:—On my plantation in the South.

Tinkle.:—Why, Tom, have you a plantation?

Tom:—Indeed I have, and it is about the only thing I have got.

Tinkle.:—Any hunting there?

Tom:—Deer and foxes.

Tinkle.:—Any shooting?

Tom:—Wild ducks and geese, wild turkeys, partridges, snipe and wood-cock.

Tinkle.:—Glorious! Tom, we will go out there next winter—but I forgot, is there any cornbread out there like Aunt Liddy makes?

Tom:—Nothing else handy: the people live on it, and my Aunt Dinah, Liddy's sister, cooks it as well as anybody.

ACT 3rd. SCENE 1st.

Enter Letitia (walking pensively:—Oh, Heaven! what an unhappy girl I am since this vile imposition was gotten up between the miserable little French Count and my mother! I feel so guilty whenever that nasty concoction of a name, De Smuger, is called. I am almost determined to retire from society altogether, on the plea of ill health. The presence of high-minded, honorable people is such a reproach to me, as a party to this wicked deceit, that I can hardly restrain my tears. It is impossible for me to live such a life of torture longer; rather will I immure myself in a convent.

Enter Count Petit Pois:—Oh! Mademoiselle, I ver happy fine you toute seule, wiz nobody. I long complain to your moder zat I have chagrin of you. You go vay—ron ven you see von Franch nobleman, gentilhomme from von tousan year back. [Letitia silent and with face averted.] Vot? Not one vord for me? Ah! I see; she si modeste, peutetre, she lof me. [Going down on one knee.] Divine Mees Litish, I leave la Belle France, I cross de big sea, all to tell zat I loff you so much, an I am in ze dost at ze foot of you to get ze heart and ze hand of you. Gif me zat lofly hand for ze kiss of me. [Attempts to take her hand—Letitia turns upon him with her eyes blazing with passion.]

Letitia:—Vile wretch and imposter, do not dare to touch me. [Count arises, reaches out to catch her hand.]

Detestable little French monkey—monkey, I say, not man; put but the weight of your finger upon me and I will slap your smirking little French face and drive you from this house. Did you ever suppose I could love such a grimacing clown as you? You little schemer have crept, like a slimy, venomous toad, into our family—have taken advantage of my mother's vanity and foolish desire to be considered noble. You will be the cause, little monster, of our great humiliation one day, and as for myself, you have made me shed bitter tears, for which I hate and detest you. [Goes to the footlights.] This horrid little creature exasperates me and stirs my southern blood so wildly that in his presence I lose my temper and forget I am a lady.

Count (aside):—Ah! von grande virago, eh? Vell, I manech heire ven I will be in ze grande Chateau de Hautes Legumes, in France. Ecoutez, Mademoiselle, listen. In tree day you most be mine; your moder is promis, an your fader Peder mos gib ze dot, vot you call dowry en Anglish, two hundred tousand dollair. We mos go in ze firs steamair to my Chateau de Haute Legumes, and ze dollairs of Smug—ha! ha!—shall buy zat castle back. If you not haf me, I'se expose ze name De Smuger as hombog en frod. I gib ze reportair vot you call ze news. Ha! ha! De Smuger! Vot your great fren Madame Kill von Kull en de oders say bout zat?

Letitia:—Do your worst, execrable little villain; I do not fear you. If there is a spark of honor in you, you would rid us of your presence in this house this very instant. [Exit Count.]

Letitia (weeping):—Oh! What have I done to be so sorely punished? How can I bear the load of grief which oppresses me? To whom can I turn for comfort and advice!

[Enter servant with card—hands to Letitia, who reads out]:—"Lord Tinkleberry and Mr. Thomas Castleton."

Letitia:—Let me fly to my room to wash away my scalding tears. [To the servant.] Show the gentlemen in, and say I will attend in a minute. [Exit—Enter Tom and Tinkleberry.]

Tinkleberry:—Elegant mansion—beautiful furniture.

Tom:—Not nearly so beautiful as the young mistress of the house is. I have eyes for nothing else save her.

[Enter Mrs. De Smuger and Letitia.]

Tom:—Lord Tinkleberry, allow me to introduce you to Madame Marie Ginnilat De Smuger.

Tinkle. (aside):—What a name! It smells of French bombast.

Tom:—Miss Letitia De Smuger.

Letitia (aside):—Bah! That name again! I nearly faint when I hear its sickening sound. [She bows low to Lord Tinkleberry, to hide her blushes and confusion.]

Tinkle. [moves quickly to the footlights] (aside):—By Jove! what a lovely creature; she fairly takes my breath away at first sight. She puts me in mind of Lady Hester Stanhope, at home, the reigning toast of England, Ireland and Scotland, but the fair American is far more beautiful.

Madame de S.:—Oh! my Lord, I feel so honored in making your acquaintance. You lately arrived in this country, I learn. I do not see how one of the English aristocracy can ever leave that charming country to tread on this plebeian soil. The society in which you live must be the social heaven of the world.

Tinkle.:—I had never noticed anything heavenly about it. English people of birth are no better than others of refinement and education; in many instances not so good.

Madame de S.:—I have a great curiosity to know what they call your Lordship at home in your own family.

Tinkle.:—Easily gratified, your curiosity. They call me Jack.

Madame de S.:—Heavens! What sacrilege!

Tinkle.:—Yes, and what's more, my mother and sisters do not show me the slightest reverence as the head of the house, but they drive me about and bully me as they please.

Enter the Count (Faces the audience):—Ha! zat a damme Tom here. I hate him by ze sight; I sink he my rival. I call him out, ron him troo wiz mon epee, vat ze damme English call sord.

Tinkle.:—Well, Monsieur Le Conte, I am glad to see you here, domesticated in this charming family. How were you so fortunate?

Count:—I ze fren of Madame de Smuger; zey ows me grande obligation in France; zey nobody I gif zem ze entree in societe. I am ze French nobleman, ze Petit Pois zey date back to Charlemagne, eh?

Tinkle.:—But the De Smugers were also of noble blood before they emigrated to America? Is it not so? I understood you to tell me so?

Count:—Well, Milor Tinkleberry, every famille have ze secret, vat you call skeleton in ze closet—and ze De Smugers—ha-ha!—have zere own.

Letitia [in the greatest excitement—aside]:—Mother, do you hear what that little viper is saying to Lord Tinkleberry? He dared to propose marriage to me this morning, and when I rejected him with scorn, he threatened me to expose the base sham under which we daily move in society. He is about to carry out his threat. I cannot stand this any more. Let me fly to my home in the South and take back our own honest name. Here I live in perpetual trepidation.

Madame de S.:—Wait; I will fix him. [Advances to the Count and whispers:] What are you talking about,

Monsieur Le Conte? Don't forget that thousand dollars you got from my husband under false pretences; if you say a word more you go to jail, you hear?

Count:—Oui, Madame; I obey ze word of you. [Takes Lord Tinkleberry aside.] Milor Tinkleberry, ze famille of ze De Smuger es noble; zey iz of de Huguenots.

Tinkle.:—Well, Count, Huguenot or whatever they are, the daughter is high enough and lovely enough to wear a coronet.

Servant announces:—Mrs. Kill von Kull and Mr. Richard Castleton.

Enter Mrs. K. v. K. [advances to Mrs. de S.]:—Permit me, Mrs. de Smuger, to congratulate you on your being domesticated in Fifth Avenue. How are you pleased on your return to America?

Mrs. de S.:—A new country and a new people can never interest. No history but vile politics, no characters but demagogues, no names, no estates, no castles and no titled families; the very guillotine in France is interesting, because it has run red with the blood of royalty and of the nobles of France.

R. Cast. (aside):—Marie de Ginnilat is soaring aloft in the heaven of her aristocratic connection in France. She will be among the royal family in a little while. [Taking Letitia by the hand he advances with her to Mrs. K. v. K.] I had forgotten, Mrs. Kill von Kull, to introduce the young lady of the house, Miss Letitia, a fair and modest flower of her own South.

Mrs. K. v. K. (taking the hand of Letitia):—Why, Miss Letitia, it gives me so much pleasure to know you. Report has not exaggerated your charms.

Letitia (blushing and bowing low):—I thank you much, Mrs. Kill von Kull; you compliment me too much, however

[Enter Pierre de Smuger and Count Petit Pois.]

De Smuger:—Well, everything is lovely in Wall Street. Stocks are booming. Box, Cox & Smug—

Mrs. de S. (interrupting sternly):—Peter! What are you talking about? [Aside.] Great Heaven! I am as bad as he is, with my Peter.

Pierre de S.:—Well, as I was saying, Box, Cox and De Smuger were too smart to be caught on that turn yesterday.

Mrs. K. v. K. [to Richard Castleton]:—What a horrid place this New York is! Every man, no matter what his fortune may be, is in some way or other connected with the Street, and all polite society is invaded by the slang of the gamblers of the day. Refined conversation is broken in on by the shop! the shop! the shop! Mr. Richard, you are the only one who never talks such jargon.

R. Cast.:—You but repeat, Mrs. Kill von Kull, the remark of all society people in England on the same subject, and I fear if you make it the test of refinement that we drop the shop, we will have no society at all. [Noise and commotion behind the scenes.]

Enter Aunt Liddy (brandishing a waffle iron):—Whew! I'se all over of a heat. Why, if hyar is'nt all these fine ladies! Your sarvant, ladies.

Mrs. K. v. K. (aside):—How barbarous these Southerners are, with their eternal niggers!

Mrs. de S.:—Leave the room, you black wretch!

R. Cast.:—Liddy, what on earth are you doing here?

Liddy:—Marster Dick, you yo'sef sont me hyar to teach dese folks how to make rice waffles, rice johnny-cake, corn bread and hoe-cake, becase Huckleberry he love um. Dey's got a little whiple snaple Frenchman down dere with paper cap on he head, they call him Jeff—he insult me.

Tinkle.:—How did such a villain dare to insult you, Aunt Liddy? Are you sure they called him Jeff? Wasn't it Chef?

Liddy:—Don' no nuttin tall about dat. Cheff or Jeff all the same to me. He shan't abuse my wuk if he was Jeff Davis himself.

Tinkle.:—Let us know what he did and said.

Liddy:—Well, Marster Huckleberry—

Mrs. de S.:—This is getting awful; my guest, a nobleman, being exposed to such ribald talk in my house. [Tinkleberry and the others laugh.]

All:—Good! Splendid.

Petit Pois:—Bien amusant, fonny.

Liddy:—Well, my Marster Dick sont me to dis here fine house to larn the cook how to make dose breads we brag on in de Souf. Jeff he was dar struttin about like a turkey cock a smoking of a paper segar. He cum whar I was wuking and turn up his nose like a little poodle dog; he say, zis is gross shirtee, not fit for chien—dog to eat, hucks for ze swine. I couldn't stan dat, I run him out he own kitchen with dis hot waffle iron.

Tinkle.:—Ladies and gentlemen, you must excuse the rough ways of Aunt Liddy; she is a great artist. The secrets of her kitchen I will carry back to Sawney Castle to be there reproduced if possible.

Mrs. K. v. K.:—Well, Aunt Liddy, you shall come to my house to teach my cook the secrets of your art, and there shall be neither Jeffs nor Cheffs to enterfere with you.

[Curtain.]

SCENE 2nd.

The drawing-room of Mrs. Kill von Kull—She, magnificently dressed, with splendid diamonds on, receiving, with another lady and Mr. Richard Castleton—Enter Mrs. Marie de Smuger triumphant, with Lord Tinkleberry and the Count on either hand, followed by Tom Castleton and Letitia—They advance to the hostess.

R. Cast.:—Mrs. Kill von Kull, permit me to present to you again Lord Tinkleberry, a young friend, who brings me a letter of introduction from the Duke of Sutherland. You remember you entertained his Grace so beautifully in this house when he was last in America.

Mrs. K. v. K.—I am delighted, my Lord, to welcome you to our country, our city and this poor house of ours; make it your home while you are with us.

R. Cast.:—Allow me also to present Count Ferdinand de Petit Pois Harricot, from la belle France.

Mrs. K. v. K.:—Monsieur le Conte, it gives me more than pleasure to see a gentleman from your gay and lovely country, where I formerly spent so many happy years.

R. Cast.:—And again I present Miss Letitia de Smuger and my nephew and adopted son, Mr. Thomas Castleton.

Mrs. K. v. K.:—As the others have passed on, I can shake hands with you two young people; with Miss Letitia because she looks so very lovely this evening, and with Mr. Thomas because our fore-fathers were not strangers when Washington was camped at King's Bridge, and with him I merely renew a former family intimacy.

Petit Pois (aside to Madame Marie):—I ver mad wiz Monsieur Richard.

Mrs. M.:—What did he do to you?

Petit Pois:—He put ze Milor Anglais first, when he

presenter to Madame Kill von Kull. Tinkleberry one leetle parvenu apres ze grande famille de Petit Pois. Harricot—zat is noble famille from ze time of Charlemagne. Zis is one grand insolt of Monsieur Richard, for vich I mos have de satisfaction.

Madame Marie (aside to Mr. Richard):—The Count is terribly offended with you because you presented the English Lord to Mrs. Kill von Kull first. He thinks it a great insult and says he must have satisfaction.

Rich Cast.:—Did that little French jackanapes tell you that? If he comes to me on such an errand I will surely pull his nose. But no; on your account I will not. I will ask Mrs. Kill von Kull to give him the first dance; that will soothe his wounded feelings.

[They all repair to the ball room and the music begins.]

Tinkle. (aside to Richard):—I have to dance with Miss Spuyten Duyvel and I learn that she is very literary and devoted to antiquities. What is it they call their Dutch ancestry? Nackerbocklers?

Rich. Cast.:—For heaven's sake, don't make such a blunder! Knickerbockers. It is considered to be very blue blood hereabouts, such as the Howards, Cavendish, Grosvenor and others in your own country. There are plenty of people to bow down to them on this side of the water, as in England so many do to the great families there.

Tinkle.:—Ridiclus! Impossible! Why I never so much as heard the name before I came over here, but I suppose every country must make its own aristocracy.

[They dance—Mrs. Kill von Kull with the Count, Miss Spuyten Duyvel with Lord Tinkleberry, and Letitia with Tom Castleton. They change partners, and finally Tom carries out Mrs. Kill von Kull. She whispers as they go round.]

Mrs. K. v. K.:—Oh, Mr. Castleton, how beautifully you dance! It is really a pleasure to dance with you. With that little Frenchman just now I felt as if I was dancing with a man of cork and he was about to fly away. You know how Englishmen dance, so I need not speak of the other aristocratic performer. Have you a partner for the German?

Tom:—No one.

Mrs. K. v. K.:—Then I propose to be selfish tonight and appropriate you for myself.

Tinkle. (to Rich. Cast.):—Who is that ugly but genteel looking middle aged man in the corner yonder! He seems to know no one here.

Rich. Cast. (whispering):—The master of the house.

Tinkle.:—The deuce! Rediculous! Married a young, beautiful and gay wife. He looks as if he was at a funeral. I've seen many such cases in our own society at home.

Rich. Cast.:—It will be a graceful thing if you seek an introduction to him yourself, for he will never do so with you. [He takes up Lord Tinkleberry and introduces him.]

Mr. K. v. K.:—It is very polite in you, my Lord, to think of me, for I seem to be the only stranger in my own house.

Tinkle.:—Delighted to know so distinguished a gentleman in literature and the fine arts, and hope we will become so much better acquainted.

Mrs. K. v. K. (to Tom):—Will wonders never cease? There is my husband talking to Lord Tinkleberry. That can be nobody's work but your kind old Uncle's. It seems to be his greatest delight to make people happy in society. He has put new life into Mr. K.

Mrs. Marie (to Lord T.):—How can you get on in this horrid, dull country, my Lord, after your grand life in ancestral halls?

Lord Tinkle.:—Jolly! Tom Castleton and myself are happy as clams at high water. He is a regular brick. Rides, shoots, dances and does everything well and gracefully.

[A musical clock rings out the hour of 12. The guests called into the drawing room to hear a duet by two operatic singers. A curtain of blueish silver gauze drawn over the entrance to the ball room. The duet sung. The curtain falls back and discloses fifty small tables for six persons each. Exquisite china, flowers, bottles, decanters and an elegantly dressed waiter for each table.]

They all cry out:—Grand! Manificent! Like magic! Who is the inventor of this fine art?

Mrs. K. v. K. (leading Mr. Richard by the hand):—I present him to you—the hero of this social triumph.

Rich Cast. (to Mrs. K. v. K.):—Hereafter no one in New York will dare to give a ball without a ballroom in which to imitate our new departure. A blessed relief from crowded rooms and a jam of perspiring people. [Aside.] Poor Peter Smug! I pity him. The light of tomorrow's sun will hardly be shining before the masons and carpenters will be covering the whole of his back yard with a ball room, so that there cannot be left visible a patch of ground as large as my pocket handkerchief; and if the stable escapes demolition I will be surprised.

TABLEAU.

The guests at supper in the ball-room.

SCENE 3rd.

Mr. Richard Castleton's quarters—Enter Rich. Castleton, Lord Tinkleberry and Tom.

R. Cast.:—Well, here is the middle of July and I must be off in a Cunarder by the first of next week for the other side. Can I not persuade you, Lord Tinkleberry, to go back?

Tinkle.:—Oh, no! Tom and I will tough it out here, make this our headquarters and pay occasional visits to Saratoga, Niagara, Newport and perhaps other places. You, Mr. Richard, go straight to Sawney Castle and take possession of it as your own. I wrote my steward last week to receive you and treat you as if the Prime Minister of Great Britain had arrived. There are horses, carriages, gillies, dogs, guns and fishing tackle, and a passable cellar of wines. Fill up the house with as many people as you please, visit all your friends, and when the shooting is over, return to find Tom and me dominated by Aunt Liddy.

Rich. Cast.:—Have it as you will. Tom, I have put some money to your credit in the Fifth Avenue Bank.

[Ex eunt omnes.]

ACT 4th. SCENE 1st.

Newport—Mrs. Kill von Kull's beautiful morning rooms looking out on the sea—Mrs. K. v. K. elegantly attired sitting in an easy chair awaiting the arrival of her guests—Enter Letitia.

Mrs. K. v. K.:—My sweet Letitia, I am always best pleased when you are with me. I have not seen you before, this morning.

Letitia:—That is so good of you to say so, Mrs. Kill von Kull.

[Enter Tom Castleton, Lord Tinkleberry and Miss Spuyten Duyvel.]

Mrs. K. v. K.:—How kind of you all to come; and what a cosey little party we will have this morning. How do you like Newport, my Lord? [To Tinkleberry.] And how does it compare with the seashore places of your own country?

Tinkle.:—Superior to any of them; because gentility seems to be concentrated here and the vulgar herd of cities shut out. The town, too, is a quaint old place and the

people very primitive. Would you believe it—none of them could tell me the origin of the old stone mill which stands in the square near here? It seems to me strange in any people not to preserve the traditions of their country. In Great Britain we have some kind of history or tradition for every old ruin.

Tom Cast.:—A young people are always careless of history. I can tell you something stranger than that, and about a Rhode Island man, Gen. Nathaniel Green. It is well known that next to Washington he ranks first in the affections of the people of the United States; yet where he lies buried is unknown. The State of Georgia, at the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, bought for him a plantation on the Savannah river, not ten miles above the city, and there he lived, and there he died in 1786, yet no man can point out his grave.

Miss Spuyten Duyvel (the literary lady):—Not at all to be wondered at. We have a like instance in ancient history, with even a greater man. When Cicero was quaestor and visited the island of Sicily, coming to the city of Syracuse, he asked for the grave of Archimedes, the great geometrician, and no one, not even the magistrates of the town, knew of such a grave.

Mrs. K. v. K.:—We are getting very literary, and have gotten back into ancient times. I think we had better jump to something lighter; poetry, for instance. Come, Lord Tinkleberry, I am sure you can repeat something in that line for us; on love and constancy, for example.

Tinkle.:—My dear sweet hostess, you have showered so much of pleasure and hospitality on me, I would do anything in my power to please you, but you are speaking to the most unpoetical being that ever lived. I cannot speak about love, as I have never loved, and consequently have no knowledge of the virtue of constancy.

Mrs. K. v. K.:—Oh! You must have read something that you remember bearing on the divine passion.

Tinkle.:—I know only one piece, kind lady, but it always struck me as most beautiful on account of its sweetness and simplicity; it is Mr. Gay's "Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan."

All:—Repeat it please, my Lord.

Tinkle.:—All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard:
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.
William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard
He sighed and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

* * * * *

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

* * * * *

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain.
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

[He recites the concluding verses.]

All:—Charming! Beautiful!

Miss Letitia:—Yes, and no one who recites it with so much feeling and expression can have a heart insensible to love.

Tinkle.:—I bow most profoundly to you for that. [Turning to Letitia.]

Mrs. K. v. K.:—As we have had poetry, next akin is music. Is there anyone here who can sing? Are we all destitute of the divine art?

Tom Cast.:—Lord Tinkleberry undoubtedly possesses that accomplishment.

All the ladies:—Is that so? How has he concealed it from us so long?

Tom:—The native diffidence of a Scotchman from the Highlands.

All:—Please, my Lord, sing us something, never mind how simple.

Tinkleberry (sings):—

In the land of the stranger if e'er thou shoulds't roam,
Though thy pathway by joys be enwreathed,
If the song or the strain thou hast once heard at home
By the lip of the stranger be breathed,
It will come o'er thine ear like a storm in the night;
Though the songs of the gay may surround thee,
It will wither thy joys, and its echo will blight
The mirth and the revelry round thee,
For remembrance is like the needle that guides
The wandering mariner forth;
Though the ship may be tossed by the winds and by tides
The needle still points to the North.

[Great applause.]

Mrs. K. v. K.:—Young people, it is time now to take a walk on the cliffs, or those who prefer to read or write, the library is at their service.

SCENE 2nd.

Letitia and Thomas Castleton walking slowly along the Cliffs.

Letitia:—What a wonderful prospect of solemn grandeur and beauty is this of the great ocean lying at our feet, stretching away until it touches the distant sky; how life-giving is the breeze which here sweeps over the ever heaving bosom of the sea!

Tom:—This gentle air, whether laden with the healing balm which it gathers as it skims over the waters, or as Notus, the south wind, flying out from the classic cave of Virgil, the effect has been to put a new tint of beauty on that lovely face.

Letitia:—Oh, Mr. Castleton, please do not so flatter me.

Tom:—I am incapable of that, which at last is but the essence of refined deceit.

Letitia:—Yet in looking out upon that restless plain of moving waters, there is always a sweet melancholy, a tender sadness; a yearning after something better beyond comes over us. It must have been impressed with this sentiment the great poet wrote:

> Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
> Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
> Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
> Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
> The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
> A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
> Where for a moment, like a drop of rain,
> He sinks into the depths with bubbling groan,
> Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.

Letitia:—It seems to me those lines were written by the poet to show the littleness of this life, and how his own life had ended in a sad failure. I have an echo already in my young heart for such a sentiment.

Tom:—Oh, how happy it makes me to hear you speak thus and to know that you have a soul so far above the gay butterflies of society, but when you say that you too are oppressed with melancholy, I am indeed deeply grieved. If you are sad, Letitia, know that I am doubly so.

Letitia (with a start of surprise):—How, Sir? I do not understand.

Tom:—Because, sweetest and fairest of thy sex, I cannot, I dare not, speak.

Letitia:—You still talk in riddles, Mr. Castleton.

Tom:—You must know, fair Letitia, but for the difference of our situations in this world I should have long since laid bare to you my heart—have disclosed to you that which you may have ere this at least suspected—the sincere, true, holy, unselfish love for you which possesses and consumes me.

Letitia (in agitation):—Oh! Spare me this, Mr. Castleton.

Tom:—You are the only daughter of a rich man, I am poor, the possessor of but an humble home in the far South. I am, under such circumstances, too proud to ask your hand in marriage or even to urge unconquerable love as my excuse.

Letitia (shrinking back):—Mr. Castleton, you have indeed given me a surprise.

Tom:—Please do not allow what has passed from my lips to annoy or excite you; it came forth unbidden from me, the genuine outburst of a love which could not be repressed; for the first and last time it has been spoken.

Letitia:—Oh, Sir, do not think me heartless that I answer neither yea nor nay to what you have said. My unfortunate situation is such as to preclude the possibility of my thinking of such matters at all. I will confide in you so far as to say that there is a dire misfortune impending over our family which sooner or later is sure to descend on our heads and sink us in disgrace.

Tom:—Now it is my turn to be surprised and sorely shocked at your distress.

Letitia:—Do not think I exaggerate, Sir; I assure you I have no moment of happiness left me; there is a terror which follows me everywhere. In the gayest company it will in an instant rise up to dismay and drive all joy from my life. [Letitia weeps.]

Tom:—Then rather than suffer such tortures of the mind, fly with me to my humble home. There, secure from scorn or malice, you will rest in the protecting arms of a loving husband. This dire trouble of which you speak shall be put aside forever, and become as unknown as the heartless world in which you now live.

Letitia:—No, Sir; many thanks; it cannot be. I must bear my burthen alone until the climax of my distress will be reached, and then I shall simply disappear. [Exeunt.]

SCENE 3rd.

Room in hotel—Tinkleberry strumming on a banjo, humming and whistling tunes—Enter Tom walking slowly, dejected and melancholy.

Tinkle.:—Hallo, Tom! Why, what is the matter? You look as if you had lost everything in the world.

Tom (aside):—Shall I confide in him? I think I can; he is so honest and true. (To Tinkle.) Ah! Jack, I am ruined.

Tinkle.:—Why? Has the farm busted up and Mose and Josh deserted?

Tom:—Oh! no; it is not for worldly matters I grieve; my loss is of what I had hoped to gain, the love of the purest and sweetest of womankind.

Tinkle.:—Now you interest me, old fellow. Give me all your confidence, for although I have no experience in affairs of the heart, I love greatly to hear of them. from others.

Tom:—Walking on the cliffs this morning with Miss Letitia, without any purpose of saying a word on the subject of love, she looked so ravishingly beautiful, her eyes were so melting with sentiment and tenderness and her lips were giving forth words indicative of so much of elevated thought, that in an instant the love long repressed in my heart came of its own force rushing forth and revealed all I had hoped to conceal.

Tinkle.:—Well, what happened then?

Tom:—She answered me only with thanks and distress and tears; she said it was impossible, and ended with this startling disclosure, that there is some dire disaster impending over the De Smuger family which sooner or later must descend on them, one and all, and cast them down into deep disgrace and humiliation.

Tinkle.:—Wonderful! Rediclus!

Tom:—Can you imagine what this awful calamity is?

Tinkle:—Probably her old man has been swindling in Wall Street on a large scale.

Tom:—I do not think that is the trouble. You know her mother departed for France, under my Uncle's charge as far as London, and she took that beggarly French Count with her. The pretext is for Madame de Smuger to see if she can raise the mortgages on the Chateau de Haute Legumes with her husband's hard earned dollars.

Tinkle.:—She will have a merry time trying to find Hautes Legumes, I imagine.

Tom:—In my opinion, Letitia suspects an intrigue between her mother and Petit Pois that causes her delicate, sensitive nature to revolt against the exposure, if her conjecture prove to be true.

Tinkle.:—I do not believe that is so. I have watched Mother De Smuger closely. She has no place in her heart for love. She is absorbed with two grand passions, vanity and a desire to shine among the nobility, notwithstanding French nobility has been wiped out by a guillotine and two revolutions.

Tom:—She is staying, you are aware, with Mrs. Kill von Kull until her mother's return. She informed me that she would not be at the dinner this evening, at which we are both expected.

Tinkle.:—The charm of the entertainment then will be gone for both of us.

[Curtain.]

ACT 5th. SCENE 1st.

New York—Mrs. De Smuger's Parlor—Letitia alone reading.

Servant (announces):—My Lord Tinkleberry.

[Letitia arises to welcome him, and offers her hand.]

Tinkleberry:—Fair young lady, I cannot express to you my delight at seeing you once more in New York, after the summer spent away.

Letitia:—I am so much obliged to you, my Lord; you must know how much the presence of yourself and young Mr. Castleton in Newport added to our happiness at that charming place.

Tinkle.:—And I can truly respond that to my visit there I owe a joy supreme in the chance given me to know intimately one like yourself, possessed of so many charms both personal and social.

Letitia (bowing low):--My Lord, your praises of me I know are honest and sincere, for if my judgment of you be not at fault, no sentiments else can fall from your lips, but I am sure you have placed me too high.

Tinkle.:---The main purpose of my coming to this country is to see the South, the home of Lee, Jackson and Hampton. It has become, with us, already the scene of the romantic in history. In the hereafter, no doubt, some genius of fiction will make the events and men and women of the past there live again, as Scott has done with our beloved *Hic-lands*.

Letitia:---Kind Sir, you have touched a very tender spot in my heart when you speak such feeling words of my home. You are a Scot and a Highlander, or you might not understand how we all love that far away country. God grant I may soon be there again.

Tinkle.:—I am indeed surprised to hear the acknowledged belle of New York society give utterance to such a wild desire.

Letitia:—I expect, my Lord, if we could only have an internal view, there would be laid bare many an aching heart 'mid the brilliant throng called society.

Tinkle.:—There is nothing, in my opinion, which so adorns a woman as love of home and country; it is the cap which sets off all her other virtues and excellences. You cannot be surprised then when I come to declare a love excited, for the first time, in my barren heart.

Letitia:—Oh! my Lord, I am filled with astonishment and confusion.

Tinkle.:—I would not have you so, fair lady. Do not think I am here because fortune has placed me in an exalted station. I come as an humble suitor to solicit your hand in marriage.

Letitia:—Your frank and honest proposal to an inex-

perienced girl, my Lord, is wholly unexpected. I thank you, however, deeply for the great honor you proffer me.

Tinkle.:—I have a dear mother, in Scotland, and two charming sisters; they will, I know, welcome you to our home with more of warmth and affection than the highest lady of title in Great Britain, because but to see and know you will show how happy has been my choice.

Letitia:—My Lord, you cannot conceive how much I feel honored. It is not on account of your rank and title, but because you have already won my esteem, admiration, and indeed friendship, in a degree no other stranger ever has.

Tinkle.:—Thank you, sweetest Letitia, a thousand times; your esteem I value; your friendship I will treasure alway, but it is not that: it is your love in return for mine I seek.

Letitia:—I must be candid with you, my Lord; you deserve it at my hands. I would not deceive you with false hopes, and I trust my answer will not give you pain; I am obliged to decline your offer, as brilliant as it is, for the simple reason that my affections, if I have in my sad life any to give, became, sometime since, the property of another, who I am sure does not even know of the favor he has found in my affections.

Tinkle.:—Alas! It is as I expected. Indeed I had never but half hope of success. It is a dire disaster to me to have a new-found extatic sentiment of love cast back unanswered and unrequited. My disappointment, however, will make no change in my sentiments or conduct toward you; I shall hope on and nurse the passion now made known to you, respectfully and kindly awaiting the time when perhaps some chance may give a happier turn to my suit. [Aside.] Who the deuce can she have bestowed her affection upon? It cannot be Tom; she has already refused him. Can it be possible she loves that detestible

Petit Pois? If I could think so meanly of her as that, every trace of love I bear her would vanish in an instant. I will rather believe it is some dark-eyed Creole lover in Louisiana, in whose possession she left her troth before either Tom or I were happy enough to know her.

[Exit Tinkleberry.]

Letitia:—Heaven and earth! What have I in my rashness done? Do I throw aside a destiny so exalted, without a thought? I can almost feel the coronet blazing with jewels on my brow! I can see myself at that court, reckoned the highest and purest of all nations, taking rank with the first peeresses in the land. Oh! what a temptation for a young girl! He is also a young gentleman so kind, amiable and refined; he recommends himself to every one who knows him. I am more attracted to him myself than to all others of his sex save only one. I am not bound to Castleton by any tie; I have made him no promise; indeed I have rejected him and his poor man's lot! Am I not free to make my own choice? Alas! poor Tom, it is well for us both that we together walked on the cliffs at Newport. It was in a happy moment when your love unbidden rushed to your lips. Should a pure maiden, it matters not what the temptation, ever turn back on that precious union of heart and sentiment which is given to us but once in a life? No! No! I cannot, dare not, do that. Dear Tom, if you could only see me now struggling, even with seeming hesitation, you would be cast, I know, into despair and misery. Fear not! Chosen of a girl's first love. Your fate is assured in our mutual happiness, if you prove only so constant as your own true Letitia.

[Exit.]

SCENE 2nd.

New York—Mr. Richard Castleton's apartments.

R. Cast.:—Well, I am back at last. I overstayed

my leave, and here is the middle of December; but I had such a glorious time at Sawney Castle. I was treated, not like the Prime Minister, but like a prince of the Royal Blood. And then the delightful visits I made to the Duke of Sutherland and other of my great acquaintances. What a life those titled people live in that country. Can it last? I must go out and pay some visits. Madame Marie de Ginnalat has her ballroom now completed, and Smug depleted. She gives a grand affair tonight, and expects to completely outstrip the K. v. K's. entertainment of last year. I am glad that I was not at home and the arrangements were committed to that little Frenchman. [Exit.]

SCENE 3rd.

Enter Tom and Lord Tinkleberry.

Tinkle.:—Well, Tom, this ball at the De Smugers' tonight is to be our last dissipation. In a few days we will be off to the old plantation, then for the free air and the woods and fields.

Tom:—I must tell you one thing, Jack; I will leave my heart behind me.

Tinkle.:—So will I, Tom, and I fear with the same person. Miss Letitia having refused you, I thought it no treason in me to essay to win her myself. It seemed to me she was ever equally pleased with the attentions of either of us. Did you ever notice anything in her conduct indicating a preference, Tom?

Tom:—I thought, or rather hoped, I did often.

Tinkle.:—By Jove, Tom! I was often impressed in the same way; now we have found out it was a sad mistake.

Tom:—It may be as you say, Jack, but what a lofty courage she has shown to refuse you. It is certain you may search New York society in vain for such a heroine.

Rich. Cast. (returned):—I have gotten through my

calls at last. Where is the afternoon's paper? [Handed to him. He reads. Suddenly he is seized with a terrible agitation.]

Tom:—What is the matter Uncle? Are you sick?

Richard:—No, Tom, only socially ruined. Read aloud the dreadful announcement.

Tom (reads):—"The failure of Fox, Box & de Smuger was announced at the board this morning, caused by the phenomenal fall in certain stocks. It is rumored on the street that his two astute partners, through another broker, unloaded on the moneyed partner, Mr. de Smuger, sunk his whole fortune and bankrupted him in a still greater sum."

Rich. Cast.:—Read on, Tom; that is nothing.

Tom (continuing):—"Rumor has been very busy lately with the extravagance of living of the de Smuger family, and it is said that they have been introduced into high society by an eminent leader of fashion under an assumed and Frenchified name, when the original appellation of this family is plain Smug."

R. Cast. (groans):—I am off for France tomorrow by the steamer. Tom, break up this household and take Liddy home with you. It will be supposed that I was a party to this fraud. I will be laughed at, abused and derided. I must stay abroad a long time, until new sensations rub out this one, and finally return to find my reign in fashionable society ended.

[Ring at the bell.]

Enter Mrs. K. v. K.:—Oh! Mr. Richard, how could you deceive us all so. What a nasty fraud it is! I hope, old friend, you are innocent of all participation in it. And think of it! The Sheriff's officers are now in the house levying on everything, even to the pattes de fois gras and champagne of tonight's supper.

R. Cast.:—(Groans.)

[Another ring. Enter Peter Smug, Mrs. Smug and Letitia, the last two weeping.]

Peter:—This is dreadful! Crushing!! Overwhelming!!!

Mrs. Smug (between her sobs):—Oh! Mr. Richard, what are we to do? All our wealth gone and we reduced to poverty and the SMUG name.

Letitia:—I do not care a penny for the money. My tears are only shed for the wretched deception practiced on society in New York. It was never done by my consent.

Tom [Taking Letitia by the hand and leading her forward.]:—If I have your father's consent, dear Letitia, you will be provided at once with the love and protection of an honest man, and become the mistress of a poor man's home. This very evening, with my Uncle's permission, I will make you mine.

Tinkle:—That is not fair, Tom. We have both proposed, as you know, to this charming young lady, and she must be allowed a free and fair choice between us—choose thou now between us!

Letitia:—My Lord Tinkleberry, you remember on a certain occasion, which shall be not named here, I told you that my love had been given to another [turning to Tom]; this is the gentleman.

Tinkle:—Well, I can stand that and forego the summit of happiness in favor of my friend, at least with a moderate amount of resignation.

Peter Smug.:—I give my ———

Mrs. Smug.:—Peter, stop instantly! We forbid this marriage! [To Letitia.] Senseless, ungrateful girl, do you refuse a coronet in Scotland for a three-horse farm in the South, with your vile Mose and Josh, especially when we are reduced to dire poverty? Peter, arrest her; she is not her own mistress.

R. Cast. (walking up to Letitia):—Let me examine this startling curiosity of society! Throw aside an earl for my nephew Tom! A thing unheard of in the polite world here, since New York was first settled by the Dutch. Take her, Tom; she is a pearl of priceless value.

Enter Petit Pois:—Ha-ha! De Smuger! Ha-ha! Hombog! I shete Marie de Ginnilat, she pay me money for zat frod. I make fool of ziz woman. Famille noble, Ha-ha! I make zat up for von tousand dollair. Adieu, Letish! I nevaire lof you; zat was de money lof! No money—take your beggair, Tom. [Richard, Tom and Tinkleberry run him off the stage.]

Enter Liddy:—What's dis I hear 'bout breakin up dis place en goin to France, by de ole Marster. Where's I gwine?

Tom:—You will go home with me, Aunt Liddy, and this young lady, my wife.

Liddy:—Is dare a colored Baptist church near de plantashun?

Tom:—Three in sight.

Liddy:—'Nuff! I'se ready to go tomorrow.

Tinkle.:—I'm going too.

Aunt Liddy (sings):—

Oh! We better go back to Moses and Josh,
And leabe dis vile city of sin.
Deys all a movin in one mighty rush
Wid no godliness bidout or biden.

* * * * *

R. Cast.:—I'll never go back to Joshua and Mose;
O'er the ocean I'll fly to my rest;
Some like in the country to idly repose;
For me it is gay France suits the best.

All:—Let us never despise the lot of those people
Who follow the plough through the rows;
Some cling to the town and its sins and its steeples;
'Tis much safer to live like old Mose.

[Curtain falls and rises again.]

TABLEAU.

An old plantation home. Tom and Letitia, in home-spun, on the piazza. Lord Tinkleberry loading his gun. Liddy with spectacles on nose reading the Testament. Mose, Josh, Aunt Dinah and Buddy near by.

[Curtain.]

FINIS.

PRINTED AT THE ENTERPRISE PRINTING OFFICE, CHESTER, S. C.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 103 850 7